ISAACKS PILGRIMAGE

A brief and ſhort Treatiſe, of the ſtriſe that Iſaack had with his heard-men, living in the Land of the Philiſtims, with Abimeleck and his heard-men, ſhadowing out the ſtrife which Chriſt our Lord had with his heard-ders, and with the Romayne Philiſtims, which hath continued unto this day, though now in a deepe conſumption.

ALSO

A teſtimony from the Prophets, Chriſt and his Apoſtles, of the aboliſhment of Antichriſt, the man of ſinne, whereby the Godly ſhall behold as in a glaſſe, how the worke of God goeth forth, for the accompliſhing of the ſame, which in due time ſhall be finiſhed.

The Lavv doeth Paull a Shadovv call,
Whoſe ſubſtance vvas in Chriſt,
Iſaack no doubt, typed him out,
Of types one of the High'ſt.

By THOMAS ODELL *Engliſhman.*

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To the Christian Reader in generall, grace and good understanding from God the Father of mercy, through Christ our Lord and Saviour, Amen.

OVR loving Lord and Saviour sitting now at the right hand of his Father, having all power in Heaven and earth, according to his promis made here on earth, powereth out of his Spirit upon all flesh in these last dayes; but not to all alike, to one he gives five tallents, another two, and to some but one, yet would not that one should be buried, for he will aske proffit of all: And his worthy Apostle and chosen vessell Paul useth these words for counsell, saying; As every one hath received, as a good disposer, distribute of the manifold giftes and graces of God. Which words with other the like in the Scripture, have emboldned me to bring that my small tallent to the banke, beseeching the Almighty to make it proffitable to his glory, and

comfort to ſo many as it ſhall pleaſe him; deſiring the friendly Reader to try all things by his Word, and keepe the beſt, and through love bare with my weakenes. And thus end the Epiſtle.

T. ODELL.

Iſaacks

Iſaacks Pilgrimage.

AS Iſaack typt the Prince of peace,
He had great trouble in his life,
Though God him bleſt, gave him increaſe,
Yet hee had almoſt loſt his wife,
Rabeckas bewty ſtirred ſtrife,
Thoſe people thought ſhe was a mayd;
And Iſaacks words they were ſo rife,
Which to this King ſo much had ſayd,
Becauſe he dwelt by them in feare,
Told him that ſhee his ſiſter were.

But at the laſt truth came to light,
As hee out of his window lay,
Had theſe two perſons in his ſight,
And did behold their ſport and play.
Then hee to Iſaack thus did ſay,
Why toldeſt thou me ſuch a thing,
One of my folke had almoſt lay
With this thy wife. And then this King
Told his men, it would coſt his life
That touched Iſaack or his wife.

Then Iſaack he did ſow his land,
Found hundredfold increaſe that yeare,
God bleſt all things hee tooke in hand
Whereat this people angry were,
And King Abimeleck did feare,
Sayd, thou art mightier then wee.
So Iſaack went to Gerar there
At his returning back did ſee
The wells full earth his father made,
Which is the Romiſh heardmens trade.

Thoſe heardmen gave them other names
Then Abraham had given before,
Which after turned to their ſhames.
Theſe wells brought Iſaack trouble more
Then all his wealth, though hee had ſtore
For water hee could hardly want,
His cattell would be quickly poore,
For water in that land was ſcant,
He gott theſe wells, againe was glad,
Gave them the names before they had.

Then Iſaacks ſervants dig'd a new,
And found a living water ſpring,
Which troubled that curſed crew,
Great ſtrife aroſe about this thing,
The men of Gerar there ſtryving,
Told Iſaacks men this was their owne,
But ſeeing they no proofe could bring,
By name of ſtrife this well was knowne;

Yet after this digged another,
Strived for it as for the other.

So Iſaack did remove from thence
Digg'd one for which they ſtrived not,
He ſaw Gods helping hand from whence
He larged was, and roome had got,
A fruitfull place fell to his lot,
Who ſayd that now he ſhould increaſe,
Thereof he wanted not a jot,
For afterward he liv'd in peace
From thence went to Berſheba right,
And God appear'd to him that night.

And thus the Lord to Iſaack ſayd,
I am thy Fathers God ſayd hee,
And therefore be thou not afrayd,
For I will bleſſe and byde by thee,
Increaſe thy ſeed this ſhalt thou ſee,
Who did which him a Covenant make,
With many words that did agree,
That this was all for Abrahams ſake.
Then Iſaack did theſe things record,
An Altar built call'd on the Lord.

Abimeleck then to Iſaack went,
Which Captaine Phicall call'd by name,
And Iſaack aſked his intent,
Becauſe for ſtrife from them he came;
Theſe words might make him bluſh for ſhame.
He ſaw the Lord with Iſaack was,
He came for peace, and ſought the ſame,
Iſaack agreed, it came to pas,
In feaſt they ech to other ſwore,
And after fell at ſtrife no more.

An Anſwer with

APPLICATIONS.

LEaſt ſome ſhould ſay, from former words,
From Iſaacks ſtrife wee ſee no light,
There is no mention made of ſwords,
Or how to uſe the ſame aright.
For anſwer here we ſhall reſight,
His father Abraham tooke paine,
Went forth againſt 4 Kings to fight,
And brought his kinſman Lot againe,
For Abraham ſhadowed out the High'ſt
But Iſaack was a type of Chriſt.

Chriſt was indeed the Prince of peace,
And yet was drive from place to place,
Who came his captives to releaſe,
Which then did lye in wofull caſe,
He ſhed his bloud to purchaſe grace,
For ſuch as would obey his word,
From poore in ſpirit, turn'd not his face,
Nor gainſt his foes uſ'd temp'rall ſword,
Iſaack was on the Altar layd,
But Chriſt the Lamb the debt hath pay'd.

And as Abram for to refreſh
Iſaack his ſonne diged wells ſtore,
Even ſo ere Chriſt came in the fleſh,
His Father had provided more,
The Prophets all did labor ſore,
Which were the wells that did much good,
VVho long had told of Chriſt before,
That he ſhould open by his bloud,
The fountaine of eternall life,
For which now at this day is ſtrife.

VVhen

VVhen Christ his worke had finiſhed,
For which he came downe here beloe,
And had all power obtayned,
His holy Spirit did beſtoe,
Endued his Diſciples ſo
VVith heavenly wiſdome from above
VVhich learned men his will to know,
And how to live in peace and love,
Which brought dead mẽ unto new birth,
Then was a Paradiſe on earth.

Like wells were his Diſciples all,
From whom came much good water forth,
But 4 of them were principall,
Like Eden Rivers of great worth:
From Eaſt to VVeſt, from South to North,
Like lively fountains did refreſh
Ech thirſty ſoule throughout the earth,
And were great comfort to all fleſh.
Chriſt garden thereby was then greene,
Sweete erbs & flowers there were ſeene.

Then came the Philiſtims of Rome
Like thoſe that ſtopt ech former well,
VVho when ſo ſoone as they were come
And theſe wells ſaw, at ſtrife they fell,
For they did then Chriſts heard-men tell
Theſe wells were theirs, and did belong
To them, loe thus they did rebell,
And in ſhort time they grew ſo ſtrong,
They drave Chriſts heard-men all away,
And ſtopt theſe wells with earth and clay.

Loe then the Goſpell was neare gone,
Which had the Lord great labour coſt,
By Matthew, Marke, by Luke and Iohn
Was written through the holy Ghoſt,
Of Chriſtians grief this was the moſt,
To ſee their Bibels burnt with fyer,
And alſo their life water loſt
For Rome had then got hir deſire
For thirſty ſoule their was no ſup,
But dye or drinke of Babels cup.

Yet were their many waterſtreames,
That ranne from Rome to every place,
For Goſpels truth they ſent forth dreams
Which were excepted in like caſe.
Untill ſuch time the Lord by grace
Brought his Goſpell againe to light,
Which their inventions did deface,
Loe then they fell againe to fight,
For to ſuppres his holy word,
And to mainteyne their cauſe by ſword.

Of late he fought to quench the light,
In ſuch as lived in his land,
Or els to put them all to flight
That would not take his mark in hand,
And alſo be at his command,
And walke with ſered conſcience,
But he ſhall ſee and underſtand
The Lord comes forth for their defence,
His captives now ſhalbe releaſt
From this tyrant and bloudly beaſt.

His wiſe doe make him ſtill ſo blind,
He cannot ſee Gods heavy hand,
Seeks many meanes, but none ſhall find
To keepe Chriſts captives in his lands,
Still brakes his cords and lovely bands
His wells are full of earth and clay,
No Goſpels truth he underſtands,
And drives his heard men ſtill away.

This

This cauſe makes Chriſtians Kings to fight,
For it doeth aſke the ſword aright.

God gives the ſame into their hand
His Church and people to defend,
And David lets them underſtand
Their great reward at their works end,
Wills Kings and Iudges eare to lend,
And ſheweth to them Gods decree,
To kis the ſonne he doeth them ſend,
That from his wrath ye may be free,
VVhen it ſhall burne as flaming fyer
To give his enimies their hyer.

Thus Iſaack ſtrife did ſhadow forth
The ſtrife which now we heare & ſee,
And Daniel a man of worth,
Declares a dreame that doeth agree,
Th'Apoſtle Paul and Iohn thoſe three,
Doe well deſcribe that bloudy beaſt,
His life and courſe and how that hee
Shall end, and Chriſts captives releaſt,
And ſo this ſtory here we end,
The Reader to another ſend.

WIth loves intent I here preſent
To Queene Elyzabeth,
For whom I pray from day to day,
And ſhall while I have breath.

Truſting to ſee your Majeſtee
Led by the God of grace,
From here to part with joyfull heart
Unto your reſting place.

The time is neare by ſinnes appeare,
Which here wee ſhall make knowne,
Chriſt doeth ariſe, whoſe enimies
Muſt all be overthrowne.

That man of ſin, who did begin
To quench the Goſpels light,
Who in Pauls time begun to clime,
True Chriſtians put to flight.

Come to his heigh, yet by Chriſts breath
Conſume and periſh ſhall,
Who now doeth fume, and yet conſume
True are the words of Paull.

Who doeth proſes Chriſt in brightnes
Of Goſpell ſhall appeare,
And by his word, as with the ſword,
Shall him aboliſh cleare.

The Prophets old theſe things foretold,
And chiefly Daniell,
Whoſe propheſy this miſtery,
Doeth touch, and open well.

His king had ſight of things by night,
Whereat he was diſmayd,
Which hee forgot, and did thereat
Make all his wiſe afrayd.

This King was great, Babell his ſeat,
It was Nebugadnezer,
Wee write here ſhort, for your comfort,
The ſtory read at leyzer.

The Lord then told, and did unfold
To Daniell this dreame,
Which at this day doeth keepe his way
Like to a running ſtreame.

This

This Daniell the King did tell,
That hee upon his bed
Could take no reſt, but was oppreſt,
Strange things came in his head.

His might and ſeat was large & great,
He was exalted hie,
And fayne would know how it ſhould goe,
When as he came to dye.

The Prophet than forthwith began
His viſion to unfold,
Sayd he ſaw ſtand one like a man,
Whoſe head was of fine gold.

His armes and breſt of ſilver beſt,
His thyes and belly braſſe,
His leggs iron, he ſtood upon,
His feete and tooes alas.

Iron and clay that could not ſtay,
Or make it long to ſtand,
For from a mount, a ſtone of count
Was taken without hand.

Fell on his feete, as it was meete,
For then hee needs muſt fall,
Then were they found, to powder grong
Theſe mighty Monarks all.

Thus broken all in peeces ſmall,
Long there they did not ſtay,
For then the wind thereto affynd,
Did drive them quite away.

Which being gone, this worthy ſtone,
Became a mighty mount,
That filld the earth brought in new birth,
A worke of great account.

The dreame here ends, & this depends
Which Daniell did unfold,
He did relate, this Kings eſtate,
Who was this head of gold.

O King, ſayd hee, now after thee
Another Kingdome ſhall
To ſilver be may likened be,
That third rulles over all.

Although but braſſe, it comes to paſs,
He rulls over the earth,
The fourth ſhall be ſtronger then he,
But not of ſo great worth.

He is Iron, regardeth none,
But treeds all under foote,
In peeces breake, and ſpoyles the weake,
And ſeekes all out to roote.

But that his ſtrenght, begunne at lenght
To fall into decay,
For why his feete were macht unmeete,
As Iron is with clay.

This clay was then the ſeed of men,
Which he did joyne withall,
And ſuffred them to live by him,
Leaſt they ſhould worke his fall.

For it is found, he had a wound,
That came from Gospels light,
Who brought to pas, it healed was,
Through this his subtile flight.

Whose presente state, we shall relate
He lately chang'd his minde,
With clay could he no longer gre,
His wife had made him blinde.

Of that image, in this our age,
The feete alone remayne,
And at this day, we see the clay,
Doeth fall from him againe.

Like Eagle he, begins to flee,
Is driven from place to place,
His fothers fall, both great and small,
His younge in wofull case.

He must feele smart, he is last part
Of that red bloudy beast,
For his workes all, reward he shall
Receave at Hesters feast.

The time neare is, an end of his,
By sinnes that doe appeare,
Which Christ hath told, that makes us bold,
To say the time is neare.

This stone is Christ, Sonne of the High'st,
Who now comes forth to fight,
With his owne word, as with a sword,
To bring againe the light.

This stone shall grind the wilfull blind
The Iron with the clay,
The Gospels wind, that shall they find,
To drive them all away.

For then forewindes, shall in their kindes
Bloe over all the earth,
To waken such, as sleepe too much,
And bring them to new birth.

Christ is the stone, wee build upon
Who will performe this all,
There shall not mis, one word of his
The heavens shall rather fall.

He to the Iewes these words did use,
From Davids words of old,
He them asked, how they had read,
And did this thing unfold.

Told them anon, how that the stone
The builders did refuse,
Was chosen forth, and of great worth,
In house of God to use.

He told them well, who thereon fell
Should geat a deadly wound,
But every one, it fell upon,
Should be to powder ground.

He fallen is, for good of his,
And doeth like milestone grind,
Search in his word, which gives record,
For truth you shall it finde.

And

And mind withall, the words of Paull,
Which we before reſight,
They are ſo ſtrong, Chriſts foes er long
Shall be aboliſh quite.

Some may aſke who this worke ſhall doe,
The which we ſhall declare,
This to fulfill, and doe Chriſts will,
Ten hornes appointed are.

Theſe we hornes call, are not Kings all,
Though Chriſt the name afords,
Kings did begin, this worke werein
Are Princes, Dukes and Lords.

Which heretofore the beaſt upbore,
Their power did abuſe,
Whom he releaſt, tooke from the beaſt,
In this his worke to uſe.

He them converts, put in their hearts,
For to performe his will,
Which did conſent incontenent,
And ſhall the ſame fulfill.

Theſe hate the whore, and will no more
Drinke out of Babels cup,
But eat hir fleſh, which is the traſh
That muſt be burned up.

And naked ſhe, at leaſt muſt flee,
Hir wealth conſumed quite,
Both ſpirituall, and temperall,
And forſt to take hir flight.

The beaſt were on ſhe ſat upon,
With all his bloudy trayne,
Hir falſe prophet, ſhall none unſet,
For they ſhall both be tayne.

Yet ſome ſhall feare, and drave Chriſt neare,
And leave that wicked race,
Won by his word, that lovely ſword,
Which he will ſave by grace.

The others al, both great and ſmall,
VVhat favour can they cleme,
Sixt plages no doubt, one them caſt out,
And yet they doe blaſpheme.

Now theſe hornes ten, Kings & great men,
Are not all in one land,
God doeth ſuch call, in Kingdomes all,
To take his work in hand.

The whore hir ſeat, is large and great,
As Nations peoples tonges,
In places all the Lord bring ſhall
VVhat to this worke belongs.

The Denmarks King, begun this thing
And his labour much coſt,
One fayned friend, did at the end,
Make all his labour loſt.

Yet for all this, he would not ceaſe,
But ſent his ſonne for ayde,
VVhich loſt his life their in the ſtriſe,
VVhich ſhortly was betrayd.

The King of Swede came forth to ayde,
The captives their distreſt,
Who ſought ech way from day to day,
To bring them to their reſt.

This worthy horne like unicorne,
Did lead the others one,
That they went forth like men of worth,
With currage have they gone.

This King at reſt, and doubtles bleſt,
This changeth not the caſe,
Wante of one man not hinder can,
Another comes in place.

His Kingdome ſtill ſtrive to fulfill
The worke which he begun,
So ſhall ech horne the like performe,
Vntill this work be done.

This worke of worth, ſhall ſtill goe forth,
The horns have toke in hand,
Which is we ſee for to ſet free
Chriſts captives in ech land.

For Pooll nor Spayne ſhall long remayne,
Nor yet the Eag'ls grace,
Chief members in that man of ſin,
Which would Gods truth deface.

Nor Rome the ſeat, though it be great
For it muſt have a fall,
Gods worke of grace ſhall now take place,
And overthrow them all.

Though they cry peace, they doe not ceaſe,
But ſeeke with trechery,
To win the priſe, but all their lies,
God dayly doeth diſcry.

VVith that their net, which now they ſet,
They will be taken all,
They dig a pit, and into it,
Themſelves ſhall ſhortly fall.

Except they ceaſe, and ſeek true peace,
VVith King Abimeleck,
But this we know, they will not doe
Till Chriſt doe bow their neck.

That work to end, we doe commend,
Unto the Lord of life,
VViſhing that we, an end might ſee
Of this their bloudy ſtrife.

Trûe Chriſtians all both great & ſmall
Ought for this thing to pray,
That God theſe rocks, and ſtumbling blocks,
VVould take out of the way.

That his Goſpell, might proſper well,
And bring in peace and love,
Which we muſt ſeeke with prayer meeke
It comes from God above.

O might we ſee the Teachers gree,
VVhich long have left the whore,
Labour with love, things rightly proove,
And ſo Chriſts truth reſtore.

Paull

Paull having told how manifold
Gods gifts are from above,
And ſayth withall the principall
Is faith that works by love.

True love this day is in decay,
Men ſeeke for worldly wealth,
Stryving for it, their ſoules forget,
Seeke not Gods ſaving health.

True love ſayth Iohn found in ech one
Their faith will God approove,
He dwels in them, and they in him,
For God himſelf is love.

Sought of him then like childeren,
This gifte for to inherite,
Hee would it give, that we might live,
And worſhip him in ſpirit.

Community, in unity,
VVould then confirme our faith,
The bands of love, then we ſhould
proove,
VVould hold it faſt Paul ſaith.

Knowledge without love, makes men
ſtout,
It makes them ſpirituall blind,
Love is lowly, and not lofty,
Hir ſpeeches very kind.

Hir propheſy will edify,
VVhereby ſhe may be knowne,
Hir words are food, ſeeks ech one good,
So erneſt as hir owne.

This love in heart, ſhall not depart
From ſuch as love the Lord,
But love in tonge, cannot laſt longe,
This like a rotten corde.

And ſuch their be, this day we ſee,
In this courſe cannot ſtay,
VVhoſe words are faire, yet like a ſnare
To draw mens hearts away.

From Goſpells truth, in age or youth,
Or els give them no reſt,
But wiſe will try, things carefully,
And keepe that which is beſt.

Leave of this toyle, and reſt a while,
This ſtrife ſhall likewiſe end,
There ſhall come peace, this ſtrife ſhall
ceaſe,
VVith ſuch as now contend.

VVhen God hath layd, as he hath ſayd,
Chriſts fooes at his foot ſtoelle,
Then thoſe now learn, ſhall then deſerne
The wiſe man from the foole.

And heare new things, for all plan-
tings,
Not planted by the Lord,
He will roote out, there is no doubt,
For Chriſt hath ſpoke the word.

His teſtament, muſt us content,
As it was given at firſt,
VVho putteth to, or taketh fro,
Shall find himſelf accurſt.

The Gospell sayes, how that Moses
Was faithfull found in all,
How much more Christ, in his house high'st,
A Prophet principall.

Our talent small, now shewed all,
This is our hearts request,
That ech would try, it lovingly,
And keepe those things are best.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM